



KRS-One Lyrics

"Show Respect"

Okay
Okay
Okay let's do this
Uh huh
Before I spit the verse I'm versed up
I got to take a moment for some ancestor worship
Scott La Rock all day
Ms. Melodie all day
[?] all day
Kwame Toure okay
They watching over KRS today
There's so many ancestors with me
Man watch what you say
You don't even know how I got here
So many dudes are not here
So I do not fear
When the roads is not clear
We are not alarmed with it
[?] in the darkness I'm the spark in it
With every sentence your intelligence I sharpen it
Like a knife or a box cutter you cut the carpet with
Spark that shit
Dudes don't know how deep Chris Parker get
You hear the art I spit
Cause I was at the start of it
The cypher is hyper when KRS is part of it
The same cypher's incomplete when apart from it
Show respect

(Get-get-get-get-get-get)
Show respect
(Get-get-get-get-get-get)
What I'm saying
Yeah
Yeah
Show respect
(Get-get-get-get-get-get)
(Get-get-get-get-get-get)
What I'm saying

Let me make this really clear
They are not us
All these wack twitter rappers I do not trust
They will pull out the gat but they will not bust
They will witness injustice but they will not fuss
They sitting at home thinking they can stop us
I'm flicking ashes on these asses leaving them in the dust dust
Criminal minded

Spiritual minded
Political minded
My lyric you can time it
Watch how I rhyme it
Spit, shine, and grind it
Autograph and sign it
No corporation behind it
Free man, free MC, and free-minded
You looking for authentic and real
Well I'm it
These critics be amazed they don't know what it means
KRS still ripping it in 2017
On to 2018, 2019
Its a crazy scene, I'm all in their face like Maybelline
Show respect

(Get-get-get-get-get-get)
Show respect
(Get-get-get-get-get-get)
What I'm saying
Yeah
Yeah
Show respect
(Get-get-get-get-get-get)
(Get-get-get-get-get-get)
What I'm saying

KRS-One Lyrics

"Same Shit"

Ladies and gentlemen
Its time to kick ass

Yeah
Same shit
Yeah
Same shit
Wake up
Listen

Terrorists and governments play the same game
Banks and big business take the same blame
Open your brain
The Klan and the cops are the same
Slave quarters, blocks and prison blocks are the same
They only separated by name
Overrated by fame
What's in a name?
A colonist is the same
People can't really see it
Because they're blocked by the name
But really Nazi Germany and your black is the same
Look

Wall Street and Main Street
Really that's the same street
Drug talk, corporate talk
Really that's the same speak
Boom bap, boom bip
Really that's the same beat
A throne or a chair of your own
Really that's the same seat

I wrote and recorded this album in the same week
California and Barcelona
Its got the same heat
I walk the same street
Put no trust in the game
Good cop, bad cop
They one and the same
Same shit

You know
Listen

Rapper and politicians they want the same thing
To kneel before their master and kiss the same ring
But Solomon and Selassi them are the same king
So from [?] I spit the same swing
Ding ding ding, there goes the bell
I'm the same as heaven, these dudes the same as hell

I'm the same as the plane at liftoff, fly
They the same as a rip-off, a lie
I remind you
Don't let the criminal mind blind you
Instead let the spiritual mind find you
See I'm you
Just twenty years ahead
Its to your advantage to hear KRS-ONE and rewind what he said
Its the same shit
Its the same shit
Look

Drug cartels is what sells the medical
Drug spots and drug stores are identical
Y'all need to wake up and join with the woke folk
Ignorance is only gonna keep you with them broke folk
KRS is on some cool shit
I ain't nothing to fool with
I teach more kids than the school gets
Game over stupid
Its like we at the eight ball corner pocket
And I got the pool stick
You can say whatever, me I'm living better and better
Getting cheddar, out in Greece getting feta
Up in Catalonia only eating paella
Up in Italy getting bread, call it brusketta
I spit
They cruise cars, I cruise ships
Democrat and Republican that's the same shit
Its the same shit

KRS-One Lyrics

"Don't Ever Stop"

(feat. Janiece)

The road's so cold and you better know
That you're a winner and you're going for gold
I know it's long but you better know
(Yeah) don't ever stop

Never let 'em pull you down
Never let 'em lie to you
Never let 'em take your crown
Never let 'em cry to you
Never let 'em in your heart
Never let 'em give you money
Never let 'em hope you starve
Never let 'em find you funny
Never let 'em follow you
They don't need to side with you
Never let 'em ride with you
Pull out what's inside of you
Never let the system get you
Feed you, eat you, spit you out
Never let 'em know what you doin'
It's time you figure out
Never let 'em teach your kids
Never let 'em see you fear
Never let 'em blow your lid
Never let 'em take you there
Never let 'em break you up
Never let 'em break you down
Never let 'em shake you up
Never let 'em in your town
Never let a charoulette tell you what is excellent
Never let embetterment regard for what's irrelevant
Never let 'em tell you that KRS "oh, he dead, stop"
Never let 'em tell you that the radio plays Hip Hop

The road's so cold and you better know
That you're a winner and you're going for gold
I know it's long but you better know
(Yeah), don't ever stop
Don't stop
Don't ever stop
Don't stop
[x2]

(Hey)
Got the rhymes, borderline's rapper
I'm that other kind with tons of rhymes
Spit flames hotter than the summertime

People want to undermind but stay under mine
Under my mind under my thoughts, caught in another time

They in the past I'm in the right now
Thirty city tours these critics be like "how? Wow!"
They be tryin' to get rid of me since back in the day
But the more they push me down the higher I raise
When I did criminal minded they had something to say
When I said self-destruction they had something to say
When I did edutainment they had something to say
That's the devil I ain't concerned with nothing they say
They was frontin' in the 90's and they still frontin'
They know the cost of everything but the value of nothing
I keeps it pumpin' like a trucka
That's why I'm fresh for 2017 you sucka

The road's so cold and you better know
That you're a winner and you're going for gold
I know it's long but you better know
(Yeah), don't ever stop
Don't stop
Don't ever stop
Don't stop
[x2]

Never let 'em make you doubt
Never let 'em break you
Never let 'em take you out
Never let 'em tempt you
Never let 'em employ you
Never let 'em lead you
Never let 'em boy you
Never let 'em deceive you
Never let 'em a snitch or traitor
Know what's going on
Never let 'em know the plan
Freedom's only for the strong
Never let 'em in the jam
This is how they stole our songs
Never let 'em corrupt you
KRS ONE I'm gone

KRS-One Lyrics

"You Ain't Got Time"

To have once been a criminal, there's no disgrace
To remain a criminal, is the disgrace (that's right)

Politics is a pile of tricks
Eight years, what do we get out of it?
More chatter, more gun splatter
More dumb rappers, and dumb athletes and actors
My name's revolution, open your eyes
I'm not on TV, cuz the revolution will not be televised
They telling lies, we better rise and get a plan
The US President? He's endorsed by the clan
Damn
You don't understand what's going on?
Slavery coming back and most of y'all just gonna go along
Not me, they ain't veiling me
You can see, I ain't vote for the president or Hillary
America tryin' to put the fear in ya
They the reason for the fake war there in Syria
So when I grab the mic, I spit a full-clip
Wake up, you ain't got time for this bullshit

To have once been a criminal, there's no disgrace (that's right)
To remain a criminal, is the disgrace (that's right)
To have once been a criminal, there's no disgrace (that's right)
To remain a criminal, is the disgrace (that's right)

This what the boom bap sound do
Since way back in the Bronx, I had a sound view
If you hearin' this, the truth, it just found you
I'm in his town, her town, your town too
Man, I stay ahead like a crown do
Look around you
Knowledge reigns supreme, this is what it comes down to
People talkin', but ain't doin' nothin'
KRS ain't about frontin', let me tell you somethin'
We need unity at all cost, or everything is all lost
These lessons are hard, that tweeter shit is so soft
Brothers killing brothers killing brothers with the sawed off
No remorse, brothers are hauled off up north
We off course, believe in the hype
Honesty, we ignore; but that deceiving, we like
These rappers are corny, but you like "He aight"
You lyin' from the pulpit
You ain't got time for this bullshit

To have once been a criminal, there's no disgrace (that's right)
To remain a criminal, is the disgrace (that's right)
To have once been a criminal, there's no disgrace (that's right)

To remain a criminal, is the disgrace (that's right)

I formerly was a criminal. I formerly was imprisoned, I'm not ashamed of that
You never can use that over my head. And—that—He's usin' the wrong stick, I don't feel that stick

KRS-One Lyrics

"You Like Me"

As long as I'm dancin
Actin or rappin
Walkin around like
I don't know what's happenin
You like me [x4]

If I'm talkin bout drinkin
And nothin bout thinkin
As long as I'm high
And I never ask why
You like me [x4]

But the second I start with the state of the economy
Black leadership, Black gods and Black sovereignty
That's when you can't seem to follow me, confusion
You feel like you losin, I'm no longer amusin
This song's about choosin, choosin why you cruisin
Either Black entertainment or the Black Revolution
People love to see a young Black man rap
Until he wakes up and realize he's caught in the trap

So as long as I'm dancin
Actin or rappin
Walkin around like
I don't know what's happenin
You like me [x4]

If I'm talking bout drinkin
And nothin bout thinkin
As long as I'm high
And I never ask why
You like me [x4]

But the minute I get in it bout the way these rappers spit it
The minute I start spittin that truth here comes a critic
I freestyle off the top like removin ya yankee fitted
But they not really checkin for skills, they want the gimmick
Many of the challenges we face, we could solve em
But there's no trust, no unity, and that's the problem
Black people fightin amongst themselves that's the problem
White people fightin amongst themselves that's the problem
US foreign policy is simply just bomb em
Rebels against they own government, the US arms em
Then when things get outta hand, yeah they try to calm em
More money, more diplomacy, just charm em
If that doesn't work then they move to "Osama"
Turn him into a terrorist, so they can disarm em
Through the corporate media, we don't stand a chance

But too many people wanna us to just stand and dance

So as long as I'm dancin
Actin or rappin
Walkin around like
I don't know what's happenin
You like me [x4]

If I'm talking bout drinkin
And nothin bout thinkin
As long as I'm high
And I never ask why
You like me [x4]

You like me, you like me, you like me
You like me, you like me, you like me

KRS-One Lyrics

"Put Ya Ones Up"

Why these people always gotta front
Why people can't be real from the jump
I'mma be blunt so inhale it
My flow is like the ocean, I sail it
Metaphoric oceanic flow, run it
Like the ocean I'mma stay current
From the first time I rhyme they spun it
Any MC test BDP sound we up on it
They just begun it, we the veteran
Better than any of them and we keep it 100
I'm the blast master but faster
I'm the same that influenced the game I'm named after
Hip-hop, don't fight the hunch, spike the punch
Take it back to the Castor Bunch
I'm having these rappers for lunch
I'm giving their captain a crunch
Munch, crunch, hunch up
You feeling KRS, put your ones up

KRS-One Lyrics

"Keep Flowin"

I represent leadership, readership, teachership, speakership
Culture keeper cause the culture we're keeping it
Truth I'm speaking it, critics want to weaken it
Printing gossip and bullshit and the people believing it
Gather 'round now for the freshest guy
If you're new to hip-hop KRS is I
I don't tell no lie, that bullshit that they're talking online
That's the tactics of the FBI
Y'all falling for the same old disunity thing
That's why Malcolm X couldn't link with Dr. King
Why William DuBois was against Marcus Garvey
Together they could have built a strong black army
But not hardly arguments between Bobby Seel and
Huey P. Newton rocked the Black Panther party
We need to wake up these strategies are old
Unity that's the goal let's go

That real shit just keeps flowing
That real shit just keeps going
That real shit just keeps flowing
That real shit just keeps going

Line after line after line after line
Since 1989 I been way ahead of my time
But it's frustrating hearing all the hating and debating
And the faking and the waking, man we got to reawaken
The time that we be wasting, debating and fighting
We can see we unenlightened, man look what we writing
You got the most advanced technology in the palm of your hand
And all you can do is turn around and diss your man
That's like a baby with a loaded gun
Thinking its a load of fun, me, I'm a little older son
We done seen dudes dies and cry and get by
We done seen cops shoot down blacks and just lie
So when Latifah put up U-N-I-T-Y
Why didn't anyone comply, y'all living a lie
The truth is the proof and we got to get it straight
Revolution only works for those that participate

That real shit just keeps flowing
The real shit just keeps going
The real shit just keeps flowing
The real shit just keeps going

KRS-One Lyrics

"Hip Hop Speaks From Heaven"

Yo, 2Pac once asked, "Is there a Heaven for a G?"

Well, now there is, word, 'cause he's up there to see
Moving around, he's chilling with Prince and James Brown
If our people are up in Heaven, their loving is raining down

The only force to save us from city was hip hop

The only force that made us grimy and gritty was hip hop
We all respect the world's religions and the laws they laid

But I know Scott La Rock's gonna come to my aid

See, these saints are great, but they're not where my heart be

When I call on the angels, I'm calling on Marcus Garvey

I'd rather call on Bob Marley, oh yes, sir

Kwame Ture, that's my real ancestor

Why call upon the spirits of oppressors

When you can call your own angels when you under pressure

See, when it comes to hip hop, here's the lesson

Start praising your own people, hip hop speaks from Heaven

Hip hop speaks from Heaven

Tell me who you repping yo, this another lesson yo

Hip hop speaks from Heaven

Tell me who you repping yo, this another lesson yo

Go, hip hop speaks from Heaven

Tell me who you repping yo, this another lesson yo

Hey, hip hop speaks from Heaven

Tell me who you repping

So when I think of California, I'm seeing Eazy-E

When I think of Brooklyn, New York, I'm seeing B.I.G

When I'm thinking about the Bronx, I'm seeing Scott La Rock

We gon' praise they name forever and we gon' never stop

It's forever 2Pac, it's forever Heavy D

It's forever Big Pun, it's forever O.D.B

They was live, now deceased, from the West to the East

It's forever Phife Dawg, Big L rest in peace

What happens next, we shouting out Professor X

Shout out to Freaky Tah, shout out to Proof, big respect

We can't forget, so we bubble with joy

When we reminisce over you, Trouble T-Roy

Shout out to Keith Cowboy, Ms. Melodie all day

Shout out to J Dilla and Jam Master Jay

It's love I'm sending to you

Shout out to Guru, and Mr. Magic from the Juice Crew

Hip hop speaks from Heaven

Tell me who you repping yo, this another lesson yo

Hip hop speaks from Heaven

Tell me who you repping yo, this another lesson yo

Go, hip hop speaks from Heaven

Tell me who you repping yo, this another lesson yo

Hey, hip hop speaks from Heaven

Tell me who you repping

Forget who's the best guy

This that time to think about Pimp C, Buffy, and Lisa Left Eye

Frosty Freeze breaking in the breeze

Big Bank Hank still inspiring MC's

We'll never be free until we free up our mind

We praising our enemy's God's fallen behind

Yo, it's all in the rhyme, the past is gone

But I can still feel the spirit of Master Don

Yo, many have been lied to, so here's what the wise do

Praise your own people, the force is inside you

Like a late fog in the mist

I see MCA and rest in peace Nate Dogg

They names and they natures will last

Like Chris Lighty and my man Bill Blass

When it comes to hip hop, here's the lesson

Start praising your own people, hip hop speaks from Heaven

Hip hop speaks from Heaven

Tell me who you repping yo, this another lesson yo

Hip hop speaks from Heaven

Tell me who you repping yo, this another lesson yo

Go, hip hop speaks from Heaven

Tell me who you repping yo, this another lesson yo

Hey, hip hop speaks from Heaven

Tell me who you repping

KRS-One Lyrics

"The World Is Mind"

You know

Whatever the brain doesn't have a word for it can't see

I teach you this all the time

The world is mind

M-I-N-D

There were two patients laying in the hospital

They shared the same room both fighting health obstacles

The first patient had his bed by the window

He could see outside and feel how the wind blow

The second patient, his bed was by the wall

No window, he couldn't see nothing at all

So in summary there was no sun to see

He was laying in the dark looking for recovery

He could see the other patients looking outside

And jealousy took over his pride he couldn't hide

He said to the patient by the window

"Hey! Tell me what you see outside there today"

The patient by the window started saying

"I see people walking, talking, I see children playing"

"Cars going by with the booming systems"

But the patient by the wall could only lay and listen

Bedridden, he couldn't see it for himself

But the descriptions he was given was improving his health

Everyday the patient by the window would say what he saw

And everyday the patient by the wall wanted more

But what he wanted even more instead

Was to be in the patient by the window's bed

He wanted the same bed that the patient had

If he could just exchange beds it would make him glad

So one day the patient by the window was gone

And the patient by the wall knew something was wrong

But he still asked the nurse if he could be first

To get the bed by the window, and what's worse

He did get the bed by the window

But the shock instead was a wall full of brick stone

No cars, no people, no scenery

No light, no flowers, no greenery at all

It was like just a brick wall facing the window

He said to the nurse "I was tricked yo"

The nurse said "Tricked? You'll be fine"

But a view of a brick wall he didn't have in mind

And what really blew his mind

Is when the nurse said, "Cheer up

"The previous patient, he was blind"

He realized right at that time

You create your reality, the world is mind

